

## A Mother's Memories

by NovaAni-Bookworm1

Category: Animorphs  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 1999-11-13 09:00:00  
Updated: 1999-11-13 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:38:26  
Rating: K  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 511  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: Poem from Marco's mom's POV, 'bout Marco

## A Mother's Memories

> <meta name="Generator"> A Mother's Memories \*\*

A Mother's Memories

\*\*

I look down into his brown eyes so deep,  
His month old smile makes me happily weep.  
I smooth back his fine dark hair,  
And pick out an outfit for him to wear.  
He contently plays with his toys,  
He knows nothing aside from one-year-old joys.  
He meets a boy in the playground,  
Now wherever one goes, the other can be found.  
He's only two; he meant no harm,  
He didn't know it would cause alarm.  
When he accidentally mistook,  
My work papers for a coloring book.  
He races in, full of dread,  
Scared of the monsters under his bed.

He's three-years-old, still young enough,  
To sleep with Mommy and Daddy without seeming untough.  
He's four now and very proud,  
Of learning to belch extremely loud.  
He learned this from his best friend's older brother.  
And couldn't wait to show me, his mother.  
He's five and starting in school today,  
Away from home he'll work and play.  
He comes home with a painting for me.  
And I hang it on the fridge for all to see.  
I'm called by my six-year-olds school clinic,  
They ask me to drive to the hospital this very minute.  
It seems at recess he was too eager for a ride,  
And broke his arm falling off the slide.  
It's his Communion; he looks so cute,  
My seven-year-old trying to stay mute.  
But when given the bread he manages to falter,  
Saying "I do" up at the alter.  
He's discovered what it means to be sarcastic all right,  
And how to make jokes all day and night.  
Cracking jokes no one seems to understand,  
But we still laugh for the eight-year-old man.  
I drag him threw the mall for clothes for school,  
But even at nine, shopping with you mom is "uncool".  
I tell him to try on a shirt I'd happened to find,  
And he looked at me like I'd lost my mind.  
I want desperately to talk to my ten-year-old son,  
But the one who speaks is Visser One.  
He seems not to notice the change in me,  
But it's something his sarcastic eyes cannot see.

He thinks I've drowned, that I am dead,  
His nose is running, his eyes are red.  
From a spaceship I watch him at my funeral, he's  
eleven-years-old,  
It seems to be breaking his heart of pure gold.  
"I want to see him!" I scream, I weep,  
He's the star of my dreams that come with sleep.  
He's twelve-years-old, his room's probably a mess,  
He should not be motherless.  
Before me stands an Andalite this yeerk hates so much,  
His goat morph could kill me with barely a touch.  
He prepares to rush forward, but before he starts to,  
He, my thirteen-yea-old son, whispers I love you.

End  
file.